

## ALL LIFE IS BEAUTIFUL.

All life is beautiful: the humblest flower  
That cheers the dusty highway with its smiles  
Has something in it of a heavenly power  
That oft my heart of weariness beguiles.

The blue-eyed violet of the glen and grove,  
Spring's sweetest offering, is a thought of  
God—  
A tiny poem whispering of His love  
And making eloquent the soulless clod.

A shining pebble in the river's bed,  
That scarcely makes a ripple where it stays,  
May teach a lesson worthy to be read  
By all who murmur at the world's dull ways.

The soft green moss we tread beneath our feet,  
The waving grass that carpets hill and plain,  
Take to their generous hearts the dew and sleet  
And uncomplaining greet the autumnal rain.

The world is filled with elements of power  
Which only wait the chemistry of thought  
To make them known, and fill each passing  
hour  
With wonders mightier than the past e'er wrought.

Earth, air and ocean teem with life unseen—  
Undreamed of by the sages of our time—  
Its subtle links pass not before the screen  
On which are shadowed all our hopes sublime.

We might see more if we were not so blinded  
By lusts of earth, its pomp and fleeting shows;  
And richer grow in soul, were we so minded  
To read the lessons Nature's works disclose.

We walk with faltering feet and downcast eyes  
Through God's vast treasure-house of truth and love,  
And feel not half the Heavenly harmonies  
That float around us from the realms above.

We think too meanly of the world without,  
Too little of the wondrous world within.  
O'er canopied is each, and wrapped about,  
By the dear love that knows no storms or sin.

Like moles or bats men grope their way thro'  
life,  
Dazed by the light their lamps of wisdom give,  
Are all absorbed in petty cares and strife—  
Heart starved, in poverty of soul they live.

Why is it thus? Since God such bounteous  
store  
Has spread before us, why not use it all?  
Why sit like beggars starving at the door  
Where plenty smiles, nor heed His generous call?

Oh, could our souls but rise above the din  
Of the world's discord, lose its greed of gain,  
Then might we turn to the great world within  
And dwell where order, peace and beauty reign.

Then should we trace in every thing we see  
The love that gives us whatsoever we need  
And feel our souls grow large in liberty,  
The liberty that makes us free indeed.

—Belle Bush, in Phenological Journal

## AN EPISODE.

## What I Did on One Eventful Evening.

"What is everybody going to do this evening?" I ask, addressing the assembled family.

"I am going to the illustrated lecture of the Y. M. C. A.," answered mother. "You know where I am going," said Bel. She is standing before the mirror putting the finishing touches to a charming theater costume.

"Well, I'm going to the club." This from Hal, our sixteen-year-old baby. He has joined a society formed among "the fellows," and imagines himself already a man.

"You don't need to say where you are going, Bit; when a young man of ordinarily good intellect ties his necktie nineteen separate, individual times it doesn't take a mind-reader to tell whether his patent-leather feet are tending."

Bit is my eldest brother. He and I are always having tiffs; he is inclined to dandyism; he also, in common parlance, "likes the girls," so I have plenty of opportunities to cultivate my talent for teasing. He vouchsafes no answer to my attack, so I proceed:

"Papa has already been swallowed up by that mysterious monster, 'down-town,' so I'll be alone to-night; and I bet I'll enjoy myself more than any two of you. My magazine came to-day, and I'm going to have a cozy evening to myself reading it; so the sooner you clear the place the better I will be pleased."

So I hurry them off as quickly as I can, and draw an easy chair up to the glowing grate; I sink into its inviting arms, settle my feet comfortably on the end of the sofa and prepare to enjoy my evening.

But something is missing. I have a school-girl's appetite for fruit and dainties, and the memory of some delicious-looking oranges I had seen that afternoon at the store around the corner persists in haunting me. I rise from my comfortable seat with a sigh, inwardly anathematizing myself for not getting them during the day; I secure my pocket-book, throw a shawl over my head, and run down the dark, quiet street and around the corner to the store. After a lively chat with the confectioner's boy, I return laden with goodies. I mount the steps and confidently turn the door-knob; the door does not open; I re-turn it and rattle it; I push against the door; I even kick the innocent panels, but all is of no avail; I have locked myself out. I run around to the back door; that is also impregnable. Then I try the windows; they are as hard-hearted as the doors, and as immovable.

By this time I am very cold, and very mad at somebody, though I do not know exactly whom. I go out to the porch again, and sit down to think what I should do. A happy thought strikes me; didn't the man in that funny story I read only the day before open a window-faster with a knife? What a man can do in a story, a girl ought to be able to do in reality:

so I take my pen-knife out of my pocket, feeling very thankful that I am a school-girl, and go around the house again. Well, they may be able to do such things in stories, but after fifteen minutes spent in fruitless endeavor, I mentally abjure all belief in plans of action as set down in novels. Then I think of breaking a pane, opening the fastener, and getting in in that way; but after several feeble attempts I give it up; I find I can't break a window in cold blood; my bump of destructiveness, I suppose, is not large enough.

I look wistfully into the warm, brilliantly illuminated room; I begin to feel very much like a poor little homeless orphan standing out there in the cold and dark, and am so chilled and disheartened that it would not take much to bring the tears to my eyes. The thought of going to one of the neighbors comes to me, but I reject it immediately; my next-door neighbor on the right is an old curmudgeon of a man, against whom I have a grudge ever since I heard him say in my presence, and, presumably, for my benefit, that "girls should stay at home and darn the stockings, and not be always flying off to the skating-rink and the dance." Besides, I should not like to leave the house so brightly lit up and with that hot fire in the sitting-room; so I sit down on the porch again, wrap my shawl closer around me and make up my mind that I'll have to sit there, like "Patience on a monument," till papa comes home.

But as I sit there a daring idea comes into my head and shapes itself into a plan. I rise once more and go softly into the back-yard and up to the fence that separates our place from Mr. Grimshaw's. I reach my hand over, it is a pale-fence and not very high, and, as I expected, my fingers touch what I am seeking—a ladder, nicely hung up out of the dirt on pegs driven into the fence. I remember having seen him hang it there in the fall, and I think with glee how angry he would be if he knew that I was going to use one of his precious possessions.

I tug and lift, and after some struggles with wire clothes-lines, ash-barkels and a few other articles of back-yard furniture, I drag it as quietly as I can to the side-yard and lean it against the house. It just reaches nicely to the second-story window, and after making sure that it is firm, I essay to mount it. There is not much danger of any one seeing me, as it is a dark night, with only a few stars twinkling here and there in the sky; so up I go, and am just about to raise the window, when—

"What are you doing there? Come down instantly or I'll fire."

Horror of horrors! From earliest infancy I have had an uncontrollable fear of unloaded fire-arms; and now to be mistaken for a burglar and covered by a loaded pistol in the hands of a determined and perhaps rash man, almost set my hair on end with terror.

"Oh!" I gasp, "I am not a robber. Don't shoot; can't you see I'm a girl?" Then the thought of that smooth barrel, perhaps still pointing at me, overcomes me quite. "Put it down! Put it down!" I scream. "Turn it away!" And I dance in perfect agony of fear on the rung of the ladder.

"By George, it's a woman. What in the world are you doing up there?"

"Have you put it away?" I return, tremblingly.

"I will now." I did not pay much heed to his tone or I might have detected some laughter in it. I draw a breath of relief.

"I'm awfully afraid of pistols," I say, rather needlessly.

"But why are you up that ladder at this time of the night?"

"I was locked out and couldn't get in any other way. Who are you?" I am trying to pierce the gloom, but am able to distinguish only the dark outline of a man's figure standing at the bottom of the ladder.

"My name is James Warren. Mr. Moore, your father, I presume, requested me to call at his house on a matter of business. I happened to glance into the yard as I passed, and, seeing a dark form mounting up toward the second story of the house, I naturally mistook it for a burglar. I humbly beg your pardon for disturbing you. Can I assist you in any way?"

"I don't see how; once I am through the window, I will be all right."

"Then permit me to say good evening. I will call on your father another time. I must again ask your forgiveness for causing you such a fright."

"Oh! don't go; papa will be home soon. Just wait a minute and I'll open the front door." Secure in the darkness, I boldly swing myself in through the window, and once more have a roof above my head.

Mr. Warren assisted me in returning the ladder to its place, and in gathering up my shawl and packages. In a few minutes we are seated before the glowing fire, and I can see that my would-be executioner, as I afterward style him, is a very good-looking young man, with brown eyes and a heavy brown mustache. After such an introduction no one could be formal, and we laugh until the tears roll down my cheeks, and my dimples really ache.

What he thinks of me I have no means of judging; but he looks at me very curiously. I suppose he doesn't very frequently meet young ladies at the top of a ladder and in the dark; but I never

did care much for people's opinions, so I am quite at my ease. By and by I ask: "Where is your revolver?"

With another peal of laughter he produces an innocent black check-book.

"Hadden't you any, really? If I had known that, I'd have jumped in the window without saying a word, and led you a chase through the house. Oh, what will the boys say when they hear of this? They'll never let me forget it, that's sure."

So we talk and laugh like old friends until the family, one by one, come home. How I did have to take it! It was weeks before Bit could be induced to cease squeaking out at every opportunity in trembling tones: "Put it down! put it down!" and it is one of the standing jokes of the family to this day.

Now for the sequel to this little episode. The following June I graduated. That is my month—having been born in the month of roses and christened Rose, I feel as if I had a claim upon it. Mr. Warren sent me a beautiful basket of flowers, with a little note thrust in among them inviting me to a drive with him the following day, and I accepted the invitation without a thought of anything serious behind it; he had become quite a friend of the family since that February night, and spent many a pleasant evening with us. I entered the carriage unobtrusively, but we had not been out a half-hour when, to my dismay, I found myself listening to a proposal of marriage.

"O, I'm too young to marry yet," I said, after my first startled silence.

"You were eighteen three days ago."

"Well, what of that? I was only a school-girl yesterday."

"Lots of girls get married younger than that."

"Well, they're awfully foolish; and, besides, everybody would laugh at you for marrying a tom-boy like me; and I use an awful lot of slang and bad grammar; and you wouldn't like that in your wife, would you?"

"I adore slang," he affirms.

"I don't believe it," I return indignantly; "and another thing, I haven't a single idea in my head how to keep house, and I could no more cook a dinner than I could fly."

"I don't want you to cook my dinners; I can afford to get some one to do it for you. What I want is to have you for my dear little wife, and I'll not listen to any more objections unless you say you do not love me. But you do love me a little, Rosie, don't you?" And then his arm was about my waist, and he coaxed, and entreated, and cajoled, and even kissed me, there in the open road; all the time talking in the most idiotic manner about my sunny hair, and laughing eyes, and rosebud mouth, until between confusion and the fear that some one would see us, though the road was lonely, I believe I answered "Yes;" at least he says I did, and, of course, I had to stick to my word. The result was, that one lovely day in the early autumn, I, Rose Moore, a bride in white satin and lace, promised before the altar to love, honor and obey James Warren "till death us do part."

You could not guess what his wedding gift was, so I will tell you; a pin in the shape of a tiny golden ladder, and resting on the rungs a perfect little golden rose with a great diamond dew-drop sparkling in its heart.—*Demoiselle's Monthly.*

## FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

—Summer tillage should be shallow.

—Girls, don't forget the flower beds.

—Boil ripe currants six minutes; amount of sugar to a quart, eight ounces.

—"High grade" refers to an animal of mixed blood, in which the blood of the pure breed largely predominates.

—It is said that a pint of milk taken every night just before retiring to rest will soon make the thinnest figure plump.

—Sods from grazed fields or highways make the best lawns, as all but the hardy sorts of grass have died out, and the sod is an example of the "survival of the fittest."

—Breakfast Puffs.—Take two pints of flour, a teaspoon of melted butter, two eggs and a pint of boiled milk. Stir well, fill greased cups two-thirds full and bake in hot oven.—*Exchange.*

—The farmer who permits his chickens to roost in the stables does not deserve to own a horse. It generally requires but little effort to keep them out, and it should be done by all means.—*Farm, Field and Stockman.*

—A nice way to use dry bread.—Cut in slices and spread with butter, put into a deep dish, and pour in apple sauce enough to cover the bread, being sure it gets between the slices. Bake about an hour. Eat with cream and sugar.—*Household.*

—The bits of brass about the house, be they ornaments or fire irons, or only the trimmings of the doors and windows, can be kept bright and shining with ammonia; the strongest concentrated will remove stains when all else fails.—*New England Farmer.*

—Washing with cold water will help to harden the muscles in a horse's breast or back for the collar or the saddle. The saddle should be removed often to allow the back to cool, and the sweat washed off. A few minutes' delay in this way will do the horse a great deal of good.

## PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Mr. G. E. Buckle, the new editor of the London Times, was appointed in 1884. He has buckled to with good effect.

—The widow of Dr. Pavy, of the Greely expedition, has taken to literature as a profession. She will reside in Europe for a time.

—Miss Carren Campbell, an American violinist, has been astonishing the Germans with her magnificent playing. She promises to excel Camille Urso.

—The Princess of Wales is this year for the first time an exhibitor at the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colors. She sends a dainty picture of Windsor, seen from the river. Mr. Ruskin sends two pictures, one painted as lately as February last.

—Of Senator Evarts' five daughters only one remains unmarried. His twin sons, one of whom was married a few days ago, are graduates of Yale, and were very popular while at college. One of them was valedictorian of his class, while his brother stood very near the top.

—Lord Bute proposes to spend fifty thousand pounds in making extensive additions to Cardiff Castle. The work is to occupy four years, and about two hundred men will be constantly employed. Lord Bute has already expended an immense amount of money on the castle.

—The clever wife of a professor in a Western college once wrote as follows in one of those confession books where people put down their opinions on all sorts of subjects, in answer to the question: "What is your idea of a heroine?" "An educated American woman who does her own housework."—*Good Housekeeping.*

—A Chicagoan has a nail sent him by a Philadelphia friend, which was driven into a house there nearly two hundred years ago. The nail is of peculiar make. It is four and one-eighth inches in length, and the head is about half an inch long and three-eighths of an inch thick. The nail was, of course, made by hand, as there was no nail machines in 1698.—*Cleveland Leader.*

—The most accomplished butler, valet and maid servant combined is a Chinaman in the employ of the rich Timothy Hopkins, of California. He wears an Oriental costume of silk of great magnificence, takes care of Mr. Hopkins' mansion in a quiet, unobtrusive manner, as pleasing as it is effective, has charge of the wardrobes of Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins; and when Mrs. Hopkins dresses for a ball lays out her costume, selects her jewels and never makes a blunder.

—One day a young clerk who was ambitious for a large fortune determined to visit Commodore Vanderbilt and learn from him the secret of accumulating wealth. He entered the magnificent apartments of the millionaire, with whom he was somewhat acquainted, stated his errand, and asked him on what mysterious principle he conducted business with such unexampled success? Mr. Vanderbilt eyed him a moment to sound his motives and then slowly replied: "By working hard and saying nothing about it."—*Dry-Goods Chronicle.*

## "A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—A man's spellin' is a shure indication of his antecessents and of his education.

—The worst case of absence of mind we ever saw was the other day when a man, hurrying for a train, thought he had forgotten his watch and took it out to see if he had time to go back for it.

—The Manager's Wish—

Indeed, I do not want the earth With all its strifes and jars; To me, of vastly greater worth Are half a dozen stars.

—Burdett.

—"I see you have a rod, line, plenty of flies, a basket and a landing net; but where's your reel, young man?" said the guide, sorting over the traps.

"Oh, we'll get that after drinking up the bait."—*Life.*

—"Well," said an old tramp, wiping the perspiration from his brow with the back of his hand, "I wish somebody would explain why so much water comes out of my pores. I never absorb any."—*Norristown Herald.*

—Counsel—"Married?" Witness—

"No." Counsel—"Single?" Witness—

"No." Counsel—"Ah, widow?" Witness—

"No." Counsel—"But, my dear madam, surely you must be one or—"

Witness (simpling)—"No, engaged."

—Punch.

—Economy.—Pater—"Tom, Tom! this 'll never do! Past eleven o'clock, and you've been in bed fifteen hours out of twenty-four!" Tom—"But it's cheap, guv'nor—costs nothing. Wh'r's, directly a fellow's up and dressed, expenses begin."—*Punch.*

—Scientists note a great diminution of forest trees in Russia and say it is because the climate is growing colder all the time. Russia has always been a cold place to grow treason. That is to say, it has the Siberian climate in the world. Now don't say that's Don thin, my son. Neva be Volga, even for the sake of Russia in a joke. There now, take the combination and run it out. I like to see you enjoy yourself.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—The motto on Ben Butler's crest is "As I find it." That on Cyrus W. Field's is "Nothing without God."

## ST. JACOBS OIL FOR POULTRY AND SWINE.

Mr. J. M. McCann, Bridgeport, W. Va., the first to discover the virtues of St. Jacobs Oil for chicken cholera, says: "A bread pill, saturated with St. Jacobs Oil, was forced down the throats of the fowls and within half an hour it was well as ever." "Mixed with dough," he says, "and fed to turkeys, chickens and other poultry suffering from this bilious incurable disease, all that are able to swallow will be restored to perfect health; and if the saturated pills are forced down the throats of those that cannot swallow, they will flap their wings and crow in your face."

## Chicken Cholera.

Terre Haute, Champaign Co., Ohio. I received about ten days ago five very fine Polish chickens. A few days ago I noticed that two of them had something like the roup, and their throats seemed to be nearly stopped up and made wheezing sound at each respiration. One of them was not able to walk, or even stand on its feet. I took a small piece of bread, say about half an inch square, and saturated it with St. Jacobs Oil, and fed it to them, once in the morning and again in the evening. The next morning when I went out to look at them I could not tell which of the five chickens had been sick.

CHAS. F. POWELL, P. M.

## Hog Cholera.

Cherry Camp, West Va. St. Jacobs Oil is the best remedy known to me for Hog Cholera. It may be given them in milk—say a teaspoonful to each animal twice a day. I think that anyone trying it will find it beneficial.

E. M. ROBINSON.

## Chicken Cholera.

Rev. T. S. Brooke, pastor Central Presbyterian Church, Clarksburg, W. Va., says: "I saturated a piece of bread size of my thumb with St. Jacobs Oil, and forced it down the throat. Chickens were in the last stage. I mixed it with meal, and gave them nothing else. They ate. In a week's time all were well."

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